

Katotohanan Ko

By Sophia

Journal 1 - Occurrence

I feel like my whole life is about to change. It all happened yesterday, the first day of summer. I was excited because my friend Adrian and I had a whole day planned at the beach. As we were making our way down the cliff, he yelled at me to be careful. I hadn't heard him so I tried to turn around, but ironically, I ended up slipping and falling down the hill. It was so strange though. My vision suddenly started to glitch and I saw a whole different setting. I saw an unfamiliar sky and it felt like I was laying in a field. It had caught me so off guard. The vision lasted for about a good 6 seconds before I felt Adrian grab my shoulders. He was frantically asking me if I was okay, but he sounded muffled. Like I had water clogged in my ears. I started to hear this weird ringing noise when my hearing abruptly came back. That's when I tried to explain to Adrian what I saw, but I must have sounded hysterical because all I got from him was a weird stare. I think he could tell I was pretty shaken up by what had happened because he then lifted me and we started walking back home.

This whole thing has me startled. When we got back to my place, I thought about trying to explain to Adrian again, but it was pretty pointless. If I didn't know what that was myself, how would I even begin to tell to him? Eventually, he had to go home, so I was left alone. I just kept overthinking what that was. *Did I teleport? That's not possible, right? Where was that? Why me? Is there something wrong with me? Or am I just actually losing my mind?* So many

thoughts. Hopefully, by tomorrow, I can come up with some logical answers. Or just some answers period.

Journal 2 - Explore

Crap. After writing yesterday's journal, I tried to go to bed, but I started hearing the weird ringing noise again and freaked out. I guess my body had a jolt-type reaction because I got up too quickly and suddenly felt light-headed. I tried to focus on something still, like my clock which said 10:05 pm, to keep me from passing out. *No way... is it happening to me again?* I'm pretty sure I ended up fainting because I opened my eyes face-planted into some grass patch. I slowly lifted my head and saw sun rays shining directly into my eyes through some palm trees. I tried to cover my eyes when I saw my palms carved with little pieces of gravel and sand. *Holy shit.* At this point, I was so out of it. The thought of these visions just being something as simple as a dream was out of the question. This was a reality. Not my reality though. Now that I looked around, the setting started to look a little familiar. That's when it hit me. I was in the Philippines. No wonder I pictured an island. I was literally at the Manila Islands! Baguio! I only remembered this because I had gone to the Philippines the summer before, fortunately. But this didn't look like the Philippine islands I remember. I thought maybe I was on one of the smaller islands like Boracay, but something felt off. I didn't see any sign of civilization, or at least the ones I'm familiar with. Just a bunch of huts, which I'm pretty sure are called *payag*. But payags were a form of shelter that the Filipinos used way before my time. Probably around the 17th century or something. *Could I have traveled to the past? How is this possible?* After reconsidering my idea that I had just completely lost my mind and this was all some sort of bad dream, I wondered if I had, somehow, traveled way back in time in the Philippines. Like *wayyy* back in time.

I started to consider whether or not to search the payags, but curiosity got the best of me and I ended up exploring them anyway.

The first payag was pretty small-scaled. As I started looking around, the thought of this becoming my reality hit me. Was I just stuck in 17th century Philippines now? Or would I teleport back to *my* reality? Trying not to overthink it even more, I thought I should look for some kind of resource. Just something that could help me get through whatever all this was. I didn't find anything useful, but I saw a mat as I searched the payag more. It was probably some sort of "bed" which got me thinking. Where I teleported was oddly deserted. Then I realized that I hadn't run into a single person the whole time. The mat was next to another doorway, where I saw another payag. I should have just stayed curious though. As I walked towards the second payag, a horrible stench hit my nostrils and I cringed, covering my nose. *Oh! What the hell's that terrible smell?* That's when I notice blood trailing down the front steps of the hut. My heart dropped. Two bodies were lying on the floor of the payag. Clasping my hands over my mouth, so many thoughts started to rush around my brain. *Oh my god... what happened? Why were they killed? Who did this? Is the killer still around?* I drew nearer to the bodies and saw that it was a mother and her child. I felt a wave of sympathy come over me. The mother wore a sleeve of traditional tattoos on her left arm. Above her arm was a large slit across her neck, which was where blood was dripping down onto the cloth she and her child were dressed in. I was about to move closer when I suddenly got hit with a rush of dizziness and the ringing noise came back. I stumbled over the mother's leg and fell. When I opened my eyes again, I saw my bedroom floor. I felt the softness from the carpet on my face. I got up and let out the heaviest sigh. *Holy shit.* I looked around to ensure I was back in reality when I saw my clock. *12:05 am. No way.* Before I

fainted, I remembered my clock said *10:05 pm*, two hours from before, at least in *my* reality. But I'd only spent a good half-hour in the other reality. I had to tell Adrian about this now.

Journal 3 - An Explanation

It's been a while since I've updated things in here. First off, I told Adrian about *everything* on my first "long-term" trip to the 17th-century Philippines islands. That vision, or I guess I should say "teleportation", lasted only what felt like twenty minutes, at least in the island's reality. But when I came back to my reality, my clock only said 12:05 pm, which was just two hours from when I first blacked out. Adrian and I believed that for every 10 minutes on the island, reality was equal to an hour in *my* reality. Hopefully, this information will come in handy sometime later. Strangely, I haven't teleported back to the islands yet, but I'm pretty sure it's bound to happen again sooner or later. I also told Adrian about the mother and her child. It freaked him out just as it did for me. Whenever I thought about it, a wave of empathy just came over me. I didn't get it, who and why would do that to a mother and a child? I think my first trip to the island gave me a different sense of consciousness in my eyes. How brutal the world can be. What am I ranting about right now? Anyway, Adrian insisted on packing supplies or whatever for the next time I teleport. Water bottles, a pocket knife, jerky, dried nuts and berries. That type of stuff. I was hoping it wouldn't have to come to the point of using the pocket knife though.

Adrian and I decided to at least do some research of the time I kept teleporting back to. Turns out the Philippines in the 17th century wasn't much of a good era for them. It's when they got colonized by the Spaniards. Just lots of bad stuff happening during that time. Suddenly, bringing a knife along with me didn't seem like much of a bad idea. That also made sense to me

about what happened to the mother and the child. It must have been done by some Spanish conquistadors.